

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH.

VOL. 12.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, JULY 3, 1863.

NO. 160.

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH
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in advance.

WM. E. HUGHES, State Printer.

THE WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH, a large mammoth sheet, is published every Tuesday morning at TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in advance.
Our terms for advertising, either in the Tri-Weekly or Weekly Commonwealth, will be liberal as in any of the newspapers published in the west.

SETTLEMENTS!!

Everybody wants to make out their bills, and everybody can save a vast amount of labor by having nicely

PRINTED BILL HEADS.

THE

COMMONWEALTH OFFICE JOB ROOMS

Turn out that class of Printing in the highest style of the art, and at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

August 8, 1860.

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GUIDE TO JUSTICES, CLERKS, SHERIFFS, &c., by JOHN C. HERDON, 1 vol. Price 80 cents
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BLANKS FOR COUNTY COURT JUDGES of all kinds, Price 50 cents per quire.
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BLANK CHECKS, on Branch Bank of Kentucky, at Frankfort, and Farmers Bank of Kentucky, Price 75 cents, per quire.
BLANK DEEDS, Price \$1 per quire.

Orders from a distance for any of the above named Books or Blanks will be promptly attended to when accompanied by the Cash; and if desired to be forwarded by mail, the postage will be pre-paid upon the condition that it be refunded to the person ordering the article to be sent by mail.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to execute all kinds of Book, Pamphlet, and Job Work, in the neatest and best style, on short notice, and as low as any office will do similar work.

LAWYER'S BRIEFS

Printed in the very best and neatest manner, and on moderate terms.

BLANKS.

Clerks, Sheriffs, and all other kinds of Blanks, printed on short notice and moderate terms.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE JAIL of Fayette county, as a runaway slave, on the 11th of June, 1863, a negro man calling himself JIM. Says he belongs to Bay Mogs of Jessamine county, Kentucky, near Hickman Bridge. He is about 50 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, dark complexion, and stout made.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

W. H. LUSBY, J. F. C.

June 22, 1863-1m.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE JAIL of Fayette county, as a runaway slave, on the 13th of June, 1863, a negro man calling himself TAYLOR. Says he is the property of Joseph Petrus, of Lincoln county, Kentucky, near Crab Orchard.

He is about 15 years of age, dark complexion, 4 feet 9 inches high, and will weigh about 90 pounds.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

W. H. LUSBY, J. F. C.

June 22, 1863-1m.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE JAIL of Fayette county, as a runaway slave, on the 6th of June, 1863, a negro man calling himself CALLERY. He is about 35 years of age, black color, about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, one upper jaw tooth out on the left side. Says he belongs to Berry Hollyfield, of Graves county, Kentucky.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

RUNAWAYS IN LOGAN JAIL.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE LOGAN county jail as a runaway slave, on the 16th day of April, 1863, a negro man calling himself JOHN. He is about 5 feet 5 inches high, black color, very large head, hair grown nearly to his eyes, weighs about 160 pounds. Says he is free and his home is in Virginia.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

WESLEY GARRETT, J. B. C.

May 27, 1863-1m.

Runaways in the Bracken County Jail.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE LOGAN county jail, as a runaway slave, on the 10th February, 1863, a negro man calling himself WYATT. He is about 5 feet 10 inches high, black color, and has an old black coat and gray pants. Says he is free and lives in Louisville, Ky., but offers no proof of his freedom.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

JOSEPH FOERG, J. L. C.

May 5, 1863-1m*.

Runaways in Hart County Jail.

NOTICE.

THEY IS COMMITTED TO THE HART county jail, as a runaway slave, a negro woman calling herself CHARITY. She is about 24 years of age, dark copper color, and weighs 115 pounds. Says she belongs to Samuel Hennegan of Alabama.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or she will be dealt with as the law requires.

WM. KNIGHT, J. H. C.

May 5, 1863-1m.

NOTICE.

THEY IS COMMITTED TO THE HART county jail, as a runaway slave, on the 29th day of April, 1863, a negro boy calling himself JOE. He is about 15 years of age, 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, weighs about 135 or 140 pounds, of black color. Says he belongs to Joe Morris, of Mayville, Ky.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

WM. KNIGHT, J. H. C.

May 5, 1863-1m.

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THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE HART county jail, as a runaway slave, on the 29th day of April, 1863, a negro boy calling himself WYATT. He is about 5 feet 10 inches high, black color, and has an old black coat and gray pants. Says he is free and lives in Louisville, Ky., but offers no proof of his freedom.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

WM. MARSHALL, J. B. C.

March 24, 1863-1m.

NOTICE.

THEY WAS COMMITTED TO THE HART county jail, as a runaway slave, on the 29th day of April, 1863, a negro boy calling himself WYATT. He is about 5 feet 10 inches high, black color, and has an old black coat and gray pants. Says he is free and lives in Louisville, Ky., but offers no proof of his freedom.

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WM. MARSHALL, J. B. C.

March 24, 1863-1m.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

FRIDAY.....JULY 3, 1863.

My First Shot at a Tiger.

It was in the month of April, one of the hottest months of an unusually hot Indian season, now some ten or twelve years ago, that I set out with my friend P—— on a tiger hunting expedition for the Juggispore jungle.

This vast jungle, or impenetrable forest, as it may justly be termed, was, at the time of which I write, the haunt of numerous wild beasts, and among these many Bengal tigers, which were the terror of the neighborhood, and which from their immense strength and ferocity, proved themselves in several encounters such dangerous antagonists that few Europeans cared to attack them.

From the first moment of my placing foot on Indian soil, however, I had greatly desired to make closer acquaintance with these formidable brutes, of which I had heard so much, and on the day in question I was in high spirits on setting out.

—(or Clement, as I familiarly called him,) was a thorough sportsman and a splendid shot; and although this was to be my first meeting with these "monarchs of the Indian forests," I had little doubt of our success.

Carrying each a trusty rifle, we left the small town of Juggispore, where we had been staying, at an early hour of the morning, and in about two hours' time arrived at the borders of the jungle of the same name.

Before starting, Clement had proposed that we should take our swords with us, so that at the conclusion of our sport we might indulge in a little sword practice, of which he was passionately fond, and at which he was a great adept. To this I agreed, and accordingly we gave our swords to the care of two Indians, who were to accompany us to beat the bush.

Arrived at the jungle, we lost no time in entering it by a small beaten path, our two Indians taking the lead. Wending our way through this for nearly an hour, we emerged on an open glade, in the center of which stood two palm trees. Toward these we tacitly directed our steps, and having sent our Indians to beat the surrounding jungle, we kept close under the shade of the trees, anxiously awaiting the result.

We could scarcely have been waiting more than ten minutes, when a fierce growl suddenly started us both, and almost at the same moment a full grown leopard sprang from the jungle. We fired simultaneously, and the huge brute fell dead almost at our feet.

Before firing, I had taken care to aim for the shoulder, where I knew a wound would, in all probability, prove fatal; and as I had fired steadily, I was pretty sure my bullet had told. It had struck me, however, that Clement, who was usually such a skillful marksman, had this time entirely failed, or that he had only wounded where he had intended to kill.

After the smoke from our rifles had cleared away, I was the first to speak.

"You have not sustained your old prestige as a shot," I said, addressing my friend; "for you see you have only wounded, where my bullet has killed."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that for the first time in your life you have not succeeded in your aim," I replied; "that the death of that leopard (pointing to the dead body of our late antagonist) is due to me alone."

Clement looked up with such a look of astonishment in his face as I never saw before. Then he spoke calmly and deliberately—"If you had never fired," he said, "that leopard would have lain where it now lies."

It was too bad. To be thus contradicted when I was convinced of the truth of what I had stated, was to me insupportable. At first I grew irritated—then angry; but while my words waxed warm he retained complete control over his temper, and his replies were calm and decided. It was, perhaps, this very exercise of control over his temper that so exasperated me, and made me lose mine; but certain it is that, completely forgetting myself, and giving vent to my ungovernable rage, I called him a liar, accusing him at the same time of striving to take away from me the honor which was justly my due.

When I had said that word which no man should say to another, which I could not have said had I been quite myself, I bitterly repented it.

Such a change as came over Clement I never saw before, and hope never to see again. A rush of blood suffused his face, and his whole frame literally shook with nervous agitation, while his fingers grasped convulsively the stock of his rifle.

With an almost superhuman effort, which was intensely painful to me to see, he regained his self-possession; and though his face was now ashy pale, and his eyes fixed and glassy, his tones when he spoke were calm, quiet and deliberate.

"You have called me a liar," he said; "you shall first prove your words, and then you shall account to me for them," and he beckoned me to follow him.

I obeyed mechanically. Arrived at the dead body of the leopard, Clement addressed me—"Where do you say your bullet entered?" he asked.

"Near the shoulder," I replied.

"Then perhaps you can find it," he said, bitterly.

I stooped down, and scanned carefully the body of the leopard. There was no wound to show that a bullet had entered near the shoulder, but there were evident signs of one having glanced from the shoulder-blade. I looked up—I did not speak; it was evident that Clement saw in my face what he knew already.

"And now he said, 'you will see that my bullet pierced his heart!'"

Looking down again I saw, sure enough, close to the region of the leopard's heart, a wound where a bullet had entered, which must have caused death so suddenly and instantaneously that it had scarcely drawn any blood. There was no longer any doubt in my mind: I was thoroughly convinced.

"And now," continued Clement, addressing me—"Now that you have not been able to prove your words, you shall either retract them, or you shall account to me for them."

"I acknowledge that I am wrong, Clement," I said, bitterly, for his arbitrary manner irritated me; "but you must learn that I am not to be intimidated into retracting my words."

"Then you shall not leave this place alive!" As he spoke these words he raised his rifle slowly to his shoulder and pointed it at me.

I saw by his determined look that he meant what he said, yet I was not afraid. Leaning my rifle against the stem of a tree, I folded my arms on my breast and determined to save him at the risk of my life.

"If you wish to commit murder," I said; "If you would murder a defenceless man, you may do so, I shall not protect myself."

Clement lowered his rifle. "No, I do not wish to murder you," he said, in that icy tone which froze my blood; "but you shall render me ample satisfaction in fair fight for the insult you have thought fit to put upon me."

"As you please," I replied.

"You will be good enough," he continued, "to take up your position with your rifle behind the palm tree near which you stand, while I place myself behind the one near me. But stay," he continued, "should our rifles fail, which I do not think probable, we have our swords," and taking his from one of the Indians, he buckled it to his side. I did the same.

"And now," continued Clement, taking up his position, while I followed his example, when the sun's shadow touches that sapling, (pointing to one which grew almost equidistant from our two trees, but slightly nearer the jungle,) you will step out and fire."

"Agreed," I said, sullenly—"I will be ready," and, glancing toward the sapling, I saw that the shadow of the sun was creeping slowly nearer and nearer and that in about ten minutes it would touch it.

During the whole of the foregoing scene, which I have endeavored to depict as truthfully as possible, and which took place in less time than I take to relate it, our two Indians had remained as immovable, and almost as impassable, as statues, doubtless well pleased, or caring little whether one or both of their enemies, the Feringhees, should be killed.

Up to this time I had acted under the impulse of the moment and almost without thought; but now that the excitement of the time was over, I could realize the intensity of my position. Clement, I had good reason to know, was a skilled marksman, and I knew also, that he would have little mercy. Already, then, I had almost given myself up for lost. But even in this moment of dread and almost certain death, I would not have retracted my words nor have apologized for the world. No pride forbade it. Yet, angered and incensed against him as I still was, I had not lost all those feelings of friendship which I had entertained for him before our quarrel, and I felt that should he fall by my hand I should never forgive myself. Thus I had determined that I would fire low—that I would only wound him, if possible. But if I should be killed! Strenuously as I strove to banish it, this thought kept recurring to my mind again and again. I was so young to die; but, if I must, I felt that I would sooner fall by Clement's hand than a stranger's. But one word of adieu to my relatives—to those I loved best in this world—the thought was maddening.

During the short interval of time which would elapse before the sun's shadow should touch the sapling, an after thought struck me, and I called to Clement—"If one of us should be killed?" I said, "who will know he was not murdered?"

"Our Indians are witnesses," he replied.

"Black testimony will not suffice in a court of law," I answered.

"True," he said; "I had not thought of that. I will write." And tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote the following words:

And now the cries of the Indians had become terrific, and almost unnerved me; and motioning them to be quiet, I waited till the tiger should expose a vital part at which I might aim.

In this moment of intense anxiety I felt my heart audibly beating, for I knew that should I fail in my aim, no earthly power could save my friend; that the tiger would bear him to the jungle, and that I should never see him again; and I knew also, that in this moment of extreme peril, Clement would rather have died than have called to me for succor—that his pride would forbid it.

However, the decisive moment had arrived, for the tiger, irritated, no doubt, by the cries of the Indians, turned his head round towards me, growling fiercely. I did not wait a moment, but, taking aim for the temple, I fired. My ball pierced its brain, and the huge brute rolled dead on the ground.

Springing forward to Clement, I found him lying on the ground insensible. Taking some water from some chattels or earthenware vessels that we had brought with us, I bathed his face with it; then producing a flask from my pocket, poured some brandy down his throat. The strong liquid ineffectually revived him, and in a few minutes he was enabled to regain his feet. Seeing that he was still, however, too weak to return home on foot, I dispatched our two Indians for a palanquin, while I remained with him till their return.

After the Indians had departed, Clement remained silent for some time, then addressing me, he said:

"Who fired that shot? To whom am I indebted for my life?"

"I did," I replied.

"Good God!" he said, "this is a just retribution: that the man whose life I was bent on taking away should have saved my own!" "Forgive me Harry," he continued, coming forward and calling me by my name; "we have both been very wrong, but we have learnt a lesson that I trust we shall never forget." He held out his hand: I grasped eagerly. My joy knew no bounds. What I thought to be impossible had now come to pass. Clement and I were again reconciled. During the half hour which had elapsed before our Indians returned we neither of us spoke—I believe our hearts were too full!

When the palanquin arrived, I assisted Clement into it, and in a short time we safely arrived at our homes. He is now completely recovered of his wounds. Many years have passed since then, yet I still vividly remember the details of the scene which I have attempted to describe as on the day they happened. We have been better friends ever since. The tiger's skin I keep as a trophy, and I shall never forget "my first shot at a tiger" in the Juggispore jungle.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

Our Food and Dress.

The promise of an unusually plentiful harvest in Europe, and particularly in England, has already begun to check exports, hence notwithstanding our war the quantity of grain and corn grown in this country during the present year, will be as much at least, as the production of 1862. If our exports be diminished, which must follow if Europe also has a good harvest the supply here will be greater than the demand, and the price of flour will tumble down naturally causing a reduction in the present exorbitant prices of other provisions; for through the civilized world, the cost of the "staff of life" regulates the cost of descriptions of food. If a barrel of flour, fit for ordinary domestic use, were sold at \$5, instead of \$5 to \$9, we should pay 8 to 10 cents per pound for veal and mutton, and 12 to 15 cents per pound for best beef and lamb, instead of 16 to 18 cents for the two former, and 20 to 25 cents for the latter.

HARRISBURG HOSPITALITY.—Some of the New Yorkers who have enlisted in the regiments that have been hastily raised and sent to Harrisburg for its protection, do not seem to think very highly of its hospitality. One of them, writing to the New York Times, says:

Strange as it may appear, when the New York regiments came into town, and marched through the streets to the camping ground, not a cheer of welcome was raised; not the slightest token of gratitude was exhibited. Such complete indifference, such extreme apathy, has seldom, if ever, been witnessed on any similar occasion. It is the defenders of Harrisburg did not come to be looked at or fêted, but perhaps the time will come when a simple "thank you," by the people, would have been of much value.

During "strange times" the necessity for reliable insurance becomes an imperative duty—the ability of property owners to sustain loss being much lessened.

Agencies in all the principal cities and towns throughout the State. Policies issued without delay, by any of the authorized agents of the company.

Business attended to with dispatch and fidelity.

THOS. S. PAGE is the successor of Henry Win-

gate, deceased, former Agent of the Aetna Insurance Company, and is duly authorized to insure property from loss by fire, upon fair and equitable terms, and solicits business.

THOS. S. PAGE, Agent, Frankfort, Ky.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris Mail and Passenger Line.

THE Mail carriage on this line leaves Frank-

fort on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and returning leaves Paris on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The charge for Through or Way Passengers will be moderate—lower than the fare by the railroad route, and good time made. Passengers will also be carried on reasonable terms. Patronage solicited.

Office in Frankfort at the Capital Hotel, in Paris at the Paris Hotel, in Georgetown at S. Godoy's.

LEWIS & SONS.

Frankfort, July 4, 1863—tf.

NEW ENGLAND

Fire & Marine Insurance Comp'y,

OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Business Confined To Fire Insurance Exclusively.

Chartered Capital, - - - \$500,000.

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

GEO. W. GWIN, Agent, Frankfort April 13, 1863—by.

J. WEITZEL.

V. BERBERICH.

WEITZEL & BERBERICH,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Frankfort and vicinity that they have opened a select stock of spring goods for Gentleman's wear, which will sell low for cash.

They will carry on the Tailoring business in all its branches, and will warrant their work to give satisfaction, both as to its execution and the charges made for it. Terms cash.

Their business room is under Metropolitan Hall, and next door to the Postoffice.

March 16, 1863—tf.

Estate of James Harlan, dec'd.

THE undersigned having been appointed administrators of the estate of James Harlan, deceased, request all persons indebted to the same to make an early settlement. Persons having claims against said estate will have their payment for adjustment.

ALL PERSONS who may have any books, law or miscellaneous, belonging to said estate, are requested to return them to the undersigned at once.

JAMES HARLAN, JR.

JOHN M. HARLAN, Administrators.

March 14, 1863—Yeoman copy.

JAMES HARLAN, JR.

JOHN M. HARLAN.

HARLAN & HARLAN,

Attorneys at Law,

FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in the Court of Appeals,

in the Federal courts held in Frankfort,

Louisville, and Covington, and in the Circuit Courts of Franklin, Woodford, Shelby, Henry, Anderson, Owen, Mercer, and Scott.

Special attention given to the collection of claims.

They will, in all cases where it is desired, attend to the unsettled law business of James Harlan, dec'd. Correspondence in reference to that business is requested.

March 16, 1863—tf.

CLOSE CONNECTIONS

Being made at Cincinnati with Express Train via the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, for Cairo, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Pine's Peak, and all Western Towns.

And with the Train via the Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroads for Chicago, St. Paul, Detroit, Galena, Springfield, Toledo, Milwaukee, Lafayette, Indianapolis, and all other Northwestern Cities and Towns.

But one change of cars from Lexington and Nicholasville to St. Louis and Chicago, in daylight whereas by any other route two changes are made, both after night!

Passengers can now leave Danville, Harrisburg, Richmond, Lancaster, Mt. Sterling, or Winchester, in the morning, and arrive in St. Louis or Chicago in time for breakfast next morning.

TWO PASSENGER TRAINS

Leave Lexington, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M. and 2:10 P. M.

Leave Covington, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6:30 A. M. and 2:05 P. M.

TWO PASSENGER TRAINS

THE COMMONWEALTH.
FRANKFORT.

FRIDAY.....JULY 3, 1863.

Union Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
THOMAS E. BRAMLETTE, of ADAIR.

For Lieutenant Governor,
RICHARD T. JACOB, of OLDHAM.

For Attorney General,
JOHN M. HARLAN, of FRANKLIN.

For State Treasurer,
JAMES H. GARRARD, of CLAY.

For Auditor of Public Accounts,
WM. T. SAMUELS, of HARDIN.

For Register of Land Office,
JAMES A. DAWSON, of HART.

For Supt of Public Instruction,
DANIEL STEVENSON, of FRANKLIN.

For Congress,
HON. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

For Representative,
HILLERY M. BEDFORD.

For Sheriff,
HARRY B. INNES.

Proposed Re-organization of the Democratic party.

The remarks of the Louisville Journal on the proposed re-organization of the Democratic party in Kentucky are so appropriate, and so forcibly expressed that we give our readers the benefit of them, in preference to anything we might be able to say. We cannot but regard the small faction engaged in this enterprise as working in the interest of the Secessionists of the State.

The feature of this scheme which first arrests one's notice is the absurdity of the ostensible design, which is "to re-organize the Democratic party in the State." The absurdity is indeed glaring. No absurdity could well be more patent.

In the first place, the whole loyal element of the old Democratic party of Kentucky, together with the whole loyal element of the old Whig party of Kentucky, is and has long been organized under the name of the Union Democracy or Union party of Kentucky, which, from the day of its organization down to the present moment, has been steadily "in association with those of the North who have stood by the government and the constitution throughout this deplorable civil war," and which is at the present moment in such association more directly and distinctly than ever before, and quite as directly and distinctly as the Democracy of any one State of the North is in association with the Democracy of any other. The platform of the Union party of Kentucky has been in truth adopted expressly by the Democracy of Pennsylvania and by the Democracy of New York and has been adopted virtually by the Democracy of all the other States of the North. The "association" is complete and notorious. It is recognized and formal. There is thus no room in Kentucky for a new organization of the kind this scheme ostensibly designs, and no material for such an organization. The place is already filled and the material is already exhausted. The Union party of Kentucky, headed by such Democrats as James Guthrie, and by such Whigs as John J. Crittenden, totally and absolutely preoccupies the field.

In the second place, the platform of the organization proposed is not the platform of the Democracy of the North, or of any other party in the country, except the Secession party of Kentucky. The platform of the Democracy of the North in the vital particular to which we allude is expressed succinctly by Governor Seymour. "We must accept," says that sterling patriot and accomplished statesman, "the condition of affairs as they stand. At this moment the fortunes of our country are influenced by the result of battles. Our armies in the field must be supported—all constitutional demands of our General Government must be promptly responded to." The platform of the new organization proposed is expressed in the reckless and senseless cry of no more men and no more money. This platform not only is not the platform of the Democracy of the North but is especially abhorrent to the history and traditions of the old Democracy of the land. It is conspicuously at war with the whole spirit of the Democracy. Valandigham himself, inspired by the historic memories of that grand old party, has denounced the platform as not only "moral treason but very little short of actual treason itself." It is undoubtedly a platform which in its full dimensions has no parallel in the annals of free government. It declares in effect not simply that the obligation to correct the administration is higher than the obligation to maintain the government but that if the administration cannot be corrected at will the government should be abandoned to destruction. This is the principle of the platform.

No party under any free government of which history speaks has ever before adopted such a platform. Considered as the dictate of patriotism, the platform is the perfection of imbecility. It is no doubt sufficiently well-advised, considered as the dictate of treason. Certainly heretofore in the history of free government no body of patriots has been found imbecile enough and no body of traitors has been found audacious enough publicly to urge a measure of the same kind

and degree with this one. It is unmatched in the annals of political folly and shame. We have repeatedly challenged the editor of the Democrat to name a solitary exponent of the Northern Democracy who sanctions or countenances this platform; but our neighbor has never ventured to open his lips in response to the challenge. He knows there is none. The proposed organization is therefore not "in association" but in antagonism with the Democracy of the North. It rests upon a basis which the Northern Democracy of all shades rejects with contempt. There is here already an organization which not merely is "in association," with the Democracy of the North but exhausts the material for such an organization in the State; yet if there were not, the new organization proposed, so far from supplying the deficiency, would only make the deficiency more striking and more deplorable. The proposed organization is precisely as hostile to the Democracy of the North as to the Union party of Kentucky."

Wednesday the Frankfort morning train came to a sudden halt, with a shock, about two miles beyond Cropper's depot. The passengers for a moment thought it only a common accident; but in a few minutes the Confederates, with their shotguns, undeviated the crowd. Out went the mail-bags, and some of them were rifled, whilst others were carried off. The passengers were searched for arms, and two watches were taken, one from Mr. Calahan and one from Mr. Nolan. Notice was given all the passengers to get out of the cars, as they were to be burned. In the meantime, telegraph pole was cut down and the wires cut. The whole operation did not occupy but a few minutes. The cars were all on fire in a few minutes, and the marauders skedaddled to the woods close by. They directed that all the private baggage should be removed; but some was left. Two trunks belonging to the Misses Preston were burned, with valuable contents. The express agent was invited to open his safe, which he had to do, but he had a dry day of cash, only about one hundred dollars. The day before he had a large sum.

"Dr Wheeler, mail agent, was thrown, by the shock of the locomotive running off the track, against the side of the car, and was severely hurt. He came to just in time to see the mail bags taken away. Some packages of letters, we understand, were saved. The squad was led by Captain Hines, the leader of the gang that made a foray into Indiana. Thirteen of the company that went to Indiana escaped, and took a hand in Wednesday's transaction. There were only ten in sight. They were seen afterward, and only ten were counted.

The same gang took fresh horses at Shelbyville night before last. The last seen of them they were going towards Harrodsburg. "A man was arrested in Christiansburg, by Dr. Wheeler, who got a package of letters, and was seen opening them and taking out money. He excused himself on the ground that they had been taken by the rebels, and he had picked them up.

The passengers looked about as silly as usual with men taken by surprise. Only two pistols were found amongst the whole of them."

The above is, we suppose, as near a correct version of this affair as we could get. It is from the Democrat whose editor was aboard the train.

Damage done the oyster beds by petroleum oil pumped into Portland harbor from the bark Hebron is estimated at some seven or eight thousand dollars. The bivalves were not killed, but so impregnated with the offensive odor of the oil as to be made worthless.

The Clarksville Bulletin says the new gunboat General Rosecrans has made its appearance on the river for which it was expressly built. It has three screw propellers and two side wheels, and can be trimmed to draw but sixteen inches of water.

At Lebanon, the 20th Kentucky has been on duty for three or four months, under command of Lieut. Col. Chas. S. Hanson. The Central Kentuckian says he is a genial gentleman and efficient officer, and his regiment is unsurpassed by any in the army seeking places in the new regiments.

JNO. W. FINNELL,
Adjutant General Ky. Vol.

A woman and her married daughter in New Jersey were both delivered of babies the same day—fine boys. In the confusion attending the affair, both babies were placed in the same cradle, and which really belongs to the mother, and which to the daughter, must ever remain mystery.

At the urgent solicitation of many friends, Dr. Joshua Barnes has consented to become a candidate to represent the people of Bath county in the next Legislature of Kentucky.

Samuel E. DeHaven, Esq., having been called upon by several citizens of Oldham county, to become a candidate to represent that county in the lower house of the next Kentucky legislature, has consented to become a candidate for that position.

Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His dismissal reads thus—"A Gunn discharged for making a false report."

At Winchester Gen. Milroy lost his heavy artillery. The country might have been able to bear that, but the brave General lost his cocked hat. It is to be hoped that the Government will never give him another.

[Low. Jour.

Celebration To-morrow.

A grand 4th of July celebration will take place to-morrow, at Sugar Tree Grove, near Frankfort. Hon. Joshua F. Bell, Col. John M. Harlan, and other speakers will address the assemblage. Every loyal lady and gentleman in the county is expected to attend. Music has been provided, and the ladies will be there with baskets filled with the delicacies of the season. Come one! Come all!

Dr. J. M. Mills will have charge of the procession from Frankfort.

Let all attend. Let us cling to the Government while its enemies are trying to destroy it.

The music will be superior. Half's George town Excelsior Band will be in attendance.

[From the Western Citizen.]

The Child meets her Mother, in Heaven, to-day.

Dedicated to the memory of Letitia Henrietta Lindsay, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard H. Lindsay, of Bourbon.

Ob. 21st June, 1863, aged 12 years, and 10 months.

Bring flowers, fresh summer flowers to-day, fairer than crowned our young Queen of May; Bring flowers, in my bosom, for the Child meets her Mother, in Heaven, to-day!

For snowy temple, and folded hands. Sprinkle them softly, fragile and sweet, On the snowy robes, on the small white feet; It is earth's last tribute, of love we pay,

For the Child meets her Mother in Heaven to-day!

I know a baptism of tears is shed,

A crown of love for the bright, young head,

I have a baptism of kisses sweet,

Hath made holy, the face, the hands, the feet;

While hopes that were dearer, than springtime here,

Are crushed, and laid in her sepulcher!

Yet we joy, while love's tribute of tears we pay,

For the Child meets her Mother in Heaven to-day!

III.

The Child meets her Mother!—No words belong,

Of sweater meaning, save to seraphs song,

When he veils his face, with his folded wings,

And reverently worship, the King of Kings.

All earth-loves, have tears for alloy,

Only Mother-love is a perfect joy!

Ours is the sorrow, o'er her buried eyes,

For the Child meets her Mother in Heaven to-day!

IV.

fair young Mother, thy violet eyes,

Have welcomed her home, with a glad surprise;

Thine arms were the first, to enfold her sweet,

And guide to the throne, her unsanctified feet.

We joy in thy joy, tho' the coming years

Shall find her small grave, kept green by our tears;

Thro' our tears we have crowned her, and blessed as we may,

For the Child meets her Mother in Heaven to-day!

M. R. M.

ROSEBURN, Ky., June 23d, 1863.

New Postage Law.

Merchants, newspaper subscribers, and others who use the mails, should remember that an amended postage law goes into operation on the first of July. Instructions have already been sent to the local postmasters to make every needful preparation for the change.

One of the most important changes is in connection with the registration of money letters. Hereafter every clerk or postmaster handling a registered letter is required to sign his name to the package, so that the letter may be traced throughout its entire route after it is deposited in the post office. The receipt given to the receiver of the letter must hereafter be sent to the sender. The fee for registered letters will be increased from five to twenty cents. Under the new law, newspaper postage is reduced as follows:

Weekly, per quarter.....5 cents.

Semi-weekly, per quarter.....10 "

Tri-weekly, per quarter.....15 "

Daily, per quarter.....30 "

Magazines, not exceeding four ounces in weight, are rated as follows:

Semi-monthly, per quarter.....6 cents.

Monthly, per quarter.....3 "

Quarterly, per quarter.....1 "

Newspapers, as under the old law, are sent free through the county post offices in which they are published, but hereafter there is to be no discrimination in the several States against the metropolitan press. Under the old law, newspapers were circulated in the States where published at one half the rates of papers from other States, but it did not work well. Hereafter postmasters whose receipts are less than \$200 per annum are denied the franking privilege.

HEAD-QUARTERS KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Frankfort, June 30, 1863. J.

The following letter from the Adjutant General of the United States to His Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky, is published for the information of those in the army seeking places in the new regiments.

JNO. W. FINNELL.

Adjutant General Ky. Vol.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON, June 23d, 1863. J.

His Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky,

Frankfort, Ky.:

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant asking that certain enlisted men may be discharged to accept recruiting commissions as 2d Lieutenants.

In reply, I am directed to inform you that the request cannot be granted, but that as soon as there is a command to which any of these men can be appointed, they will be immediately discharged upon the request of your Excellency. The forgoing is in accordance with the established rule of the Department.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. M. VINCENT,

Asst. Adj't. Gen.

THE ENROLLMENT—Rhode Island is first to complete her enrollment; Vermont next.

In Rhode Island, there are of the first

class liable to draft, 9,748; second class, married men, 4,481; third class, soldiers in service, 1,966. The whole number of names taken are over 19,000, over three thousand of whom are aliens.

A Yankee asked a person what made him cross-eyed, and received for an answer:

"Why, by sitting between two pretty girls, and trying to look at both at the same time."

Gen. Hooker has lost an army. But we hope that Gen. Meade has found it safe and sound.—Low. Jour.

CELEGRAPHIC.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—General McClellan passed through here to-day en route for Washington.

It seems settled that Banks will be Secretary of War.

THE ATTACK AT CHARLESTON.—The evidence multiplies that we came very near taking Fort Sumter in the attack in April. Intelligence has been received from one who has been in the fort since the attack. He says that the wall on the northeastern face is cracked from top to bottom; that the last shots went through the wall, clear across the area to the opposite walls; that on the morning after the fight pieces of canvas were placed over the breaches to hide them from our sight; that the officer in command telegraphed to Beauregard that he would be compelled to surrender.

A portion of this is corroborative of the testimony of Capt. Ammen, who was confident that his last shots went completely through the wall. It was apparent to all of us who watched that fight, that after the first half hour the fire of the fort perceptibly slackened, and almost ceased on the northeastern face. Admiral Dupont evidently lost a golden opportunity when he decided not to renew the attack on the following day.

COURT OF APPEALS.

WEDNESDAY, July 1, 1863.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Jesse et al vs McCracken, Haury; affirmed.

Griffith & Atkins vs Wilgus et al, Scott; affirmed.

Deboney vs Hunt, Scott; reversed.

Spalding vs Simms, Washington; reversed.

ORDERS.

James A.

